

A
Farrago
Of several
PIECES.

Newly written by
RICHARD FLECKNOE.
Being a
SUPPLEMENT
TO HIS
Poems, Characters, Heroick Pourtraits,
Letters, and other DISCOURSES
formerly Published by him.

Quicquid Agunt homines ———
—— Nostri est Farrago Libelli.

LONDON,
Printed for the Author, 1666.

A

Chicago

OF CHICAGO

PICCES

By

RICHARD E. ELLISON

Being a

2. SUPPLEMENT

TO HIS

Book, "Chicago, Chicago, Chicago," containing
Laws and other DISORDERS
formerly published by him.

Chicago, Illinois
Published by the Author

LONDON

Printed by J. W. Johnson, 1858.

* 2



To Her Grace

MARGARET

Duchess of Newcastle.

MADAM,

THE Stork (they say) in
sign of *Gratitude*, leaves
always some of its
young to the house where it builds
its Nest. This *Gratitude* I strive to
imitate in these *Pieces* of mine,
made (most of them) under your
Graces Roof at *Welbeck*: And if I
appear too presumptuous to De-
dicate so little and worthless a
Work as this, to your *Grace*, who

* 2

write

The Epistle Dedicatory.

writes to Great and Worthy Ones, I hope in your Goodness, Madam, you will pardon me; for to whom should the Little flye for Protection, but to the Great? And the *worthless*, but to the *Worthy*, to dignifie and honor them? Accept then, Madam, I beseech you, this small Acknowledgement of his Infinite Obligation unto your Grace, who shall rather dye, than not live

Your Graces most

humbly devoted

Servant,

Richard Flecknoe.

P R E F A C E.

To his Noble Friends.

THE Mortality of the last Year, has given Life to most of these Pieces, which I made in the Countrey, whilst I fled that in Town; nor is it strange that the Corruption of one, shu'd be the Generation of another.

I make them short, because I would have them read; and easie, because I'd have them understood; and writ them onely for mine own, and my Friends Recreation; not for the Criticks nor Vulgar; for those who are too wise, or who are not wise enough: And as I writ them, so I publish them onely for my Friends, and shu'd be sorry

* 2

they

Preface.

they shud come into the hands of any other.

I pretend no place for them in Bodleys Library, (that is for greater Volumes) for mine, all I can hope for, is to have them have some place in a Friends Closet, or Ladies Cabinet; and as others writ to live when they are dead, I writ only that they may not think me dead, whilst I am alive. When I am dead, let Posterity dispose of my memory as it pleases. Alive, I desire to live with this Reputation, of conserving an inviolable Faith unto my Friends, a Loyal heart to my Prince, and a Good Conscience to Almighty God.

On

(1)
ON THE
QUEEN'S
Being with Child.

OUR vows are heard O Heaven! our vow,
are heard,

Though for our greater faith a while differ'd.
The Queen's with Child; and in her fruitful womb
Are all our wishes past, and hopes to come.

It was the greatness of the benefit
Made Heaven, it seems, so slow in granting it;
Who's long in making of great Princes, though
In making lesser people 'tis not so;
And does consult no less about it, than
When th' world begun, 'bout making the first man.
So though with us, our Potters every day
Make Urns and Pitchers of more common clay:
Yet vessels of more precious mold we see
In China must whole ages making be;
And by the curious Artist must be had
A thousand cautions too before th' art made.
But now 'tis done, and Carolus has an Heir,
Whose chiefly obtain'd by Catharinas pray'r.

So pious Hanna once for Children pray'd,
 Until at last a child from Heaven she had:
 When she converted all her pray'rs to praise,
 As now our no-less-pious Hanna has.
 What may we imagine, must this Infant be,
 Who is the Child of so much piety?
 As the Conception did, so may the Birth.
 Hold more immediately of Heaven than Earth.
 So Princes shu'd be born, whose lives shu'd be
 Nighest approaching to divinity:
 As those to whom (being Gods on earth) is given
 To be most like unto the Gods in heaven.
 They say Heaven suffers violence, and from whence
 But force of pray'r proceeds this violence?
 O mighty Pray'r! that can such wonders do,
 To force both Heaven and the Almighty too.
 Fools were those Gyants then since if instead
 Of heaping Hills on Hills, as once they did,
 They had but heapt up pray'rs on pray'rs as fast,
 They might have easily conquer'd Heaven at last.
 Ther's nothing now that England may despair
 To obtain of Heaven by Catharinas pray'r:
 Let us have faith in her, but to confide,
 And she has faith enough for all beside.

On Her Miscarrying.

NOT yet! but must she iterate her pray'r
 Before heaven grants, & Carolus has an Heyr?
 And has it only impregnated her womb,
 To give assurance that an Heyr will come?
 If so, we are satisfied, O Gracious Heaven!
 And thank thee, for th' assurance thou hast given.
 This was a pattern only (it seems) to shew
 What men were to expect, and God could do.
 As Statuaries little models make,
 From which for greater works they patterns take.
 Let all who grieve, that shee's miscaried, then
 Take comfort, that she'll soon conceive agen:
 Which since 'tis caused by her fruitfulness,
 Does make our Hopes the more, though Joyes the less:
 So when trees once have born, it is a sign
 That they will bear agen another time.
 What, though their first fruit by untimely frost
 Or Hayl, or wind, or some mischance be lost;
 Why shu'd we grieve? since w'are assur'd they'l bear
 Us other fruit agen, another year.

TO HIS
 ROYAL HIGHNESS
 THE
 Duke of YORK,

Returning from our Naval Victory,
 over the Hollanders, June 3. Ann. 1665.

Under His Royal Highness's hap-
 py conduct.

Greater and famouſer then ere
 Cefar or Alexander were,
 Renown'd by land as well as they,
 And now far more Renown'd by ſea.
 What thoſe great Hero's could not do,
 He has both done, and out-done too;
 Far more belov'd of Heaven then they
 To whom both Waves and Winds obey,
 Till Empire of the Seas we get,
 No victory can be compleat:
 For Land and Sea make but one Ball,
 They had but half, he has it all.
 No more let vain Batavians boaſt,
 The Watry Empire they have loſt.

Rebells

*Rebells by Sea, as once by Land,
 If now they obey not his command :
 Nor think themselves and State undone,
 Because by him they'r overcome,
 It is a kind of Victory
 To be o'rcome by such as he.
 Increast in stile, we well may call
 Him (now) the whole worlds Admirall,
 Whilst mighty Charles with Trident stands,
 And like some God the Sea commands.
 Great Prince ! the honour of our days
 And utmost bound of humane praise,
 Having by Land and Seas o'rcome,
 What now remains but to come home:
 And fixed in our Brittish Sphere,
 Shine a bright Constellation there,
 Greater and famouſer then e're
 Cæſar or Alexander were,*

TO HIS
HIGHNESS
PRINCE RUPERT.

On the same.

Great and Magnanimous Prince, surpassing far
Him who was stil'd the Thunder-belt of war.
The Belgick-Lyon trembles for to see,
A mightier Lyon then it self in thee.
And quite abandoning the Seas command,
Roaring for fear, does hide it self on land,
And Zeland one no more dares to appear
But sinks into the waves, and hides it there:
Lyons no more but rather Wolves of pray,
Whom all men hate, and all men chase away.
Their Navy shatter'd, and their courage lost,
What's now become of all their glorious boast
Of conquering us? themselves now conquered,
Nor daring more for shame to shew their head:
Or if they do, 'twill only be to add,
A second victory to the first we had.
Meantime the Tritons hissing them to scorn,
Each one in Triumph blows his writhed horn:

An

*And Sea-Nymphs rising from their watry bed,
 Make wreaths for crowning thy victorious head.
 So shoud the Conquerors be crown'd, and so
 The Conquer'd hist, and scorn'd, where e'r they go.
 Greatest Example of Heroick worth,
 As ever yet our latter age brought forth.
 As formerly the Land of Brittain was,
 So now the Sea's too narrow for thy praise.
 Which will in time so immense become, as we
 Must seek new Worlds and tongues for praising thee,
 And'twill at last become the work alone
 Of Extasie, and Admiration.*

*Great and Magnanimous Prince surpassing far,
 Him who was styl'd the Thunder-bolt of War.*

TO JANUS.

Recomending *Welbeck* to him, &c.
On Newyears-day, An. 1666.

THOU that art alwaies old and new,
That yearly dost thy youth renew,
And yearly too, more aged grow,
Janus, if ever thou'lt bestow
A well deserved gift, and grace,
On any persons, any place:
Bestow it now, this present year
Upon this place, and persons here;
Preserve them long in safety, and
With them, preserve the *King* and Land:
For they would not be safe, I know,
Unless the *King* and Land were so.
First, drive this year from *England* far,
All other wars, but forraign war;
And let our Enemies only prove
The harm of *Mars*, who harm do love.
Next, let no storms our Seas molest
Where th' peaceful *Halcyon* builds her nest.
But to those Coasts and Climates go,
That *Halcyon*-daies did never know.

Lastly,

Lastly, that *plague* which where it comes,
 Unpeoples Towns, and peoples Tombs;
 Drive hence; and what is worse then that,
 All *Traytors* to the *King* and State.
 That so delivering of our Ile
 From all its fears, we may the while
 Abroad, *Sea-monsters* overcome,
 And its *Land-monsters* too, at home.
 Another gift thou hast in store,
 Which if thou grant, we ask no more;
 That this year, to our Royal *King*
 And *Queen*, may happy Issue bring.
 This *Janus* grant and thou shalt see
 Each year, on this solemnitie:
 More vows unto thee, we shall pay,
 And off'rings, on thy Altars lay,
 Then ever was, or shall be paid,
 Or ever on thy Altars laid:
 Since out of *Chaos*, all was born,
 Till unto *Chaos*, all return.

On *Welbeck*.

W*elbeck* a place of much Renown, betwixt
 Your best of ancient, and of modern mixt.
 As if one age alone could not suffice,
 For building such a noble Edifice,
 No petty Garnishments that look so spruce,
 As they were more for ornament then use;
 Nor Towers nor Turrets in the air agen,
 As they were rather built for birds then men:
 But all large, and capicious you find
 Justly proportion'd to the Owners mind;
 All great and solid, as in ancient times
 Before our modern buildings were our crimes.
 Enter'd, at first, you'd think you entered some
 Huge *Piazza* made for all the world to come.
 So great mens Houses shu'd be builded great,
 And not so much for prospect, as receipt.
 Amongst the rest the *Stables* all appear,
 As if each one, some Princely Palace were:
 And 'twas but fit they shu'd be so, where all
 The Horses, you of princely race might call.
 For the *Riding-House* 'tis of so vast extent,
 It does some mighty *Temple* represent.

When

Where seeing them ride, Admiring *Indians* wo'd
 Adore each *Horse* there as a *Semi-God* :
 And if this to the *Horse*, what wo'd they do
 To *him* who rides, and animates them too ?
 From hence beholding of the *Park*, you'd say
 For pleasantness 'twere some *Arcadia*,
 And think you saw the jolly *Nymphs* and *Swains*
 Feeding their flocks upon the lawns and plains,
 And heard them in the pleasant woods and groves,
 Inchant your eares, with chanting of their loves.
 'Mong trees so thick and fair they seem th' aboads
 Not only of Rural birds, but rural gods:
 But least we loose our selves and stray too far,
 'Tis time to th' house it self, for to repair :
 Where though the Rooms be vast, and every thing
 Seems made for entertainment of a *King*:
 Yet that's the least you look on, but the *Lord*,
 Himself the noblest prospect does afford.
 In whom your late Nobilitie may see
 What th' ancient were, and modern ought to be.
 And 'mongst the *other Arts, he does profess,
 May learn of him the Art of Nobleness.

Arms and Horse-
 manship.

He

He looks not (as some do) that you shud d'off
 Your Har, and make a reverence twelve-score off:
 Nor takes Exceptions if at every word
 You don't repeat your *Grace*, or else my *Lord*;
 But as they'd seem great men by *Pride*, so he,
 Is one indeed by noble curtesie :
 And dos appear a hundred times more great,
 By leaving it, then they by keeping state :
 Whence h'as so high a reputation got,
 'Mongst all that know, & all that know him not,
 Through all degrees of honour he has past,
 Of *Viscount*, *Earl*, *Marquess*, and *Duke* at last.
 H'as ever had the general esteem,
 Of honouring them, more then they honour'd him.

O N T H E

Dutchess of Newcastle's Closet.

What place is this ! looks like some sacred Cell,
 Where Holy *Hermits* antiently did dwell,
 And never ceast importunating *Heaven*,
 Till some great Blessing unto *Earth* was given !
 Is this a *Lady-Closet* ! 't cannot be,
 For nothing here of *vanity* you see;
 Nothing of *curiosity*, nor *pride*,
 As all your *Ladys Closets* have beside.
 Scarcely a *Glass*, or *Mirroure* in't you find,
 Excepting *Books*, the *Mirrours* of the mind.
 Nor is't a *Library*, but only as she,
 Makes each place where she comes a *Library*,
 Carrying a living *Library* in her brain
 More worth then *Bodleys* or the *Vatican*.
 Here she's in *Rapture*, here in *Extasy*,
 With studying high and deep *Philosophy*.
 Here those clear *Lights* descend into her *Mind*,
 Which by Reflection in her *Books* you find;
 And those high *Notions* and *Ideas* too,
 Which none before, but she, did ever know :
 Whence shee's her Sexes Ornament and Grace
 And Glory of the Times, hail sacred Place !

To

To which the world in after-times shall come,
 As unto *Homers* shrine, or *Virgils* Tomb,
 Honouring the walls wherein she made abroad,
 The Air she breath'd, & ground on which she tro'd.
 So *Fame* rewards the *Arts*, and so agen,
 The *Arts* shall honour her who honour'd them,
 Whilst others, who in other hopes did trust,
 Shall after death, lie in forgotten dust.

T O

TO LILLY,

Drawing the Countess of Castlemains PICTURE.

STay daring man! and ne'r presume to draw
Her Picture, till thou may'st such colours get,
As *Zenxes* and *Apelles* never saw,
Nor e're were known by any Painter yet.

Till from all Beauties thou extracts the Grace,
And from the Sun, the beams that gild the Skyes;
Never presume to draw her Beautilous face,
Nor the bright Beams, and Sun-shine of her Eyes.

In vain the-whil'st thou dost the labour take,
Since none can set her forth to her desert;
She who's above all *Nature* e're did make,
Much more's above all can be made by *Art*.

Yet been't discourag'd, since who e're does se't,
At least with admiration must confess,
It has an air for charming, and for sweet, (less
Much more then others, though, then Hers much

So the bold *Gyants* who would scale the skye,
 Although they in their high attempt did fall;
 This comfort had, they mounted yet more high
 Then those who never strove to climb at all.

Comfort thee then, and think it no disgrace,
 From that great heighth a little to decline,
 Since all must grant, the reason of it was
 Her too great Excellence, and no want of thine.

ON Mrs. STUART.

Formerly printed, but after an imperfect Copy.

STUART a Royal Name that springs
 From th' Race of Caledonian Kings :
 Whose vertuous parts and beautionous frame
 Adds honour to that Royal Name.
 What praises can I worthy find
 To celebrate thy form and mind ?
 The greatest power that is on earth
 Is given to Princes by their Birth,
 But ther's no pow'r in earth, nor heaven,
 More great then Whats to Beautie given:
 That makes not only men relent
 When unto Rage and Fury bent,
 But Lyons tame, and Tygers mild,
 All fierceness from their breasts exil'd:
 Such wonders yet could ne'r be done
 By Beauties force and pow'r alone,
 Without the pow'r and force to boot,
 Of excellent Goodness added to't;
 For just as Diamonds we behold
 More brightly shine when set in Gold :
 So Beautie shines far brighter yet,
 In vertue and noble goodness set.

B

Continue

*Continue then but what you are
So excellently good and fair.
Let Princes by their Birthrights sway,
You'l have a pow'r as great as They:*

ON
A Lady's
Embracing a Religious life.

A Gentle shepherdes as e're did tread
 Upon the plains, whereon her flocks were fed,
 Inspir'd by him, who all good thoughts inspires,
 Felt in her breast, till then unfelt desires :
 To tast Heavens pleasures, seeing earth had none,
 A soul in longing, long could feed upon:
 But changing one, a weary of the first,
 She found the latter pleasure still the worst;
 And so went still deluded in her mind,
 Seeking for that which she could never find.
 This Infant *thought*, with pious care she fed,
 And with Religious education bred;
 Giving it now an Aspiration,
 Or wish for that blest life to feed upon,
 And now a sigh, and now a tear agen,
 Never to have known true happiness till then.
 Avoiding carefully those rocks and shelves,
 On which so many souls had wrackt themselves.
 Those two extreams on which so many fall,
 To undertake too much, or nought at all:

For 'tis with new born children of desire,
 As 'tis with sparks you kindle unto fire.
 Starv'd with too little fewel, 'twill not light,
 Opprest with too much, 'tis extinguisht quite.
 And now she's all afire ! happiness be
Fair Virgin to thy best desires, and ~~They~~
 So full, so high, so great a happiness,
 As nothing can be more, that is not less ;
 Nothing beyond, but down the hill again,
 And all addition rather loss then gain.
 By glad experience, may'st thou find all store
 Of hearts contentment, thou expects, and more :
 And learn that magick of Religion there,
 Make every thing quite contrary appear,
 To you, then unto us, *rich poverty*
 Triumphant sufferance, *brave humility*;
 Soft hardness, hardest difficulties slight,
 Sweet bitterness, and heaviest burthens light;
 Ease in your labour, pleasure in your pain,
 A heaven on earth, and all things else but vain.

*To the Lady Rockingham. On
her nursing her Children.*

HOW like to *Charity* this Lady stands
With one child sucking, t'other in her hands,
Whil'st bounteous *Nature* parent of us all,
Of her fair breasts is not more liberal.
Mirour of Mothers! in whom all may see
Both what you are, and what they ought to be:
Ready like *Pelicians* for your childrens good,
To give your very life, and vital blood.
Those mothers, but half mothers, or, at best (breast.
Who whil'st they give their wombs, deny their
And bringing children forth, they nothing do,
Unless when they are born, they nurse them too.
How far much better then the mothers *blood*
Is mothers *milk*, may hence be understood;
By *milk* original piety's taken in,
But by the *blood* only original sin.
Happy thrice, happy then those children are
Of whome their Parents take such pious care!
Whil'st those as oft unhappy are agen,
Whose Parents take so little care of them.
Such mothers little different are from those
who anciently their children did expose:

Who soon as they are born do leave them to
 The care and nursing of they know not who.
 How many harms the whil'st to children come
 By other nurses, endless were to sum:
 Besides diseases which they suck from them
 And more malignant qualities agen.
 Whence 'tis to change their kind, and nature mock
 To graft their off-springs on another stock,
 And hence it is, that often times we find
 So many children of a mungril kind.
 Nurse still your children then, as now you do,
 By which your self, you a true mother shew;
 And if't be true that milk's but blood turn'd white,
 You'll shew your self great *Straffords* daughter
 (right.)

Both alike, ready for the publick good,
 You for to give you *milk*, and he his *blood*.

The ANT.

Little thinks thou poor Ant who there
 With so great pains, in so long time
 A grain or two to th' Cell dost bear,
 Ther's greater work ith' world then thine.

Ith' small Republick too at home,
 Where thou'st perhaps some Magistrate,
 Little thinks thou when thou dost come,
 Ther's greater in the world then that.

Nor is't such wonder now in thee
 No more ith' world, nor things dost know,
 That all thy thoughts oth' ground should be,
 And mind on things so poor, and low.

But that man so base mind should bear
 To fix it on a clot of ground,
 As if no greater world there were;
 Nor greater business to be found.

He so much of the man does want
 As metamorphosd quite agen,
 While thou'rt but man turn'd grouling Ant,
 Such groulers seem but Ants turn'd men.

The Birth-Day.

A General silence was in Heaven, and expectation on Earth, with a busie whispering in either, as if some great and extraordinary business was to be done. When *Mercury* in the name of *Jupiter*, summond a council of all the *Gods*: which being assembled, *Jupiter* commanded the destinies to spin out one of their finest and most lasting Threds of life, to which *Mars* was to give a warlike spirit, *Pallas* wisdom, *Mercury* eloquence, and finally the *Graces* whatsoever was wanting else, to render it every waies accomplit, when *Lucina* presently was dispatcht to earth, to assist at the nativitie of this illustrious Child, whom *Jupiter* was pleas'd particularly to honour, by breathing into it a spirit of his divinest air, (For though all, he inspires be celestial and divine, yet there is some grosser then others, as there is here on earth, he reserving still the most rarified and refined, for

for your most noblest Bodys,) and those whom he favours most, mean time on earth (as at lanching of some great Ship-Royal.) There was a great and joyful Assembly, in longing expectation of the Infants coming into the world; when behold the mother having invocated *Juno* thrice, and *Lucina* as oft, was at last happily delivered of a Son, who had all the afore said endowments of *Heaven*, and all the applaudiments that possibly could be on *Earth*; for celebration of his Nativitie: And as there are never wanting some on *Earth*, who undertake to know all that is done in *Heaven*. Your *Astrologers* undertook by inspection of his stars, and calculating his nativity, to foretel that in the management of *Arms* and perfect knowledge of the *Equestrian Art*, he should be the compleatest Cavalier of his time, and every waies the most accomplished. But it was not their predictions that made him so, but his being so, that verified their predictions.

How he past his *youth*, is not necessary to declare, (for *youth* most commonly are

are but the same in *little*, as afterwards they are in *great* when they are *men*,) And how great he was, would require a Chronicle to tell, as how he surpassed *Lucullus* rate in *peace*, (who held that none who could not spend a private patrimony at an entertainment, should be accounted splendid and magnificent) and *Crassus* rate in *war*, (that none should be counted rich, that could not maintain an Army at their own proper cost.) To tell his name only is Chronicle enough ;) 'Tis *William Duke of Newcastle* ; who as if his fate and the Crowns were inseparably conjoyn'd, supported the Crown whilst he stood ; and when (by the iniquity of the times) he fell, the Crown fell too ; till they were both at last restored again, and raised to greater heighth then ever they were before. The *Crown* by *Heavens* favour, and *He*, by favour of the *Crown*.

THE

The Pourtrait
Of MARGARET *Dutches of*
 NEWCASTLE.

IT will be most hard and difficult for me to make this Pourtrait well, since other Ladies (for the most part) are all outside, and nothing else, and when you have seen but that you have seen them all, but that which you see in her, is the least part of her, she being all soul and mind, nor could an Angel in a mortal body, be more spiritual then she, nor have more interior graces and perfections.

For her exterior then I will only say that *Heaven* and *Nature*, never agreed better, 'ith composition of any one, giving her a beautilous mind in a beautilous body, and you would easily imagine her as *good*, as *fair*, to see (when she sees any one in misery,) how tender and compassionate she is, even like that noble

ble Tree ready to wound her self to afford balm and cure for others wounds.

Nor has *Fortune* been wanting to make her as *great*, as *fair*, and *good*; none ever better deserving it, by the greatness of her mind, nor comporting better with all states and conditions, whilst none ever carryed it higher in *adversity* nor lower, and more humbly in *prosperity*, so counterpoising either, within her self, when others are all without themselves, or too much deprest with the one, or elated with the other. To which supream heighth of wisdom, since she could not attain, without as supream and high *Philosophy*; It occurs in the next place, to speak of that.

For which, I need only remit you to her works, in which she of all others has most reason to glory; they being only *Nurses* and *Fosterers* of others opinions: but she the true *parent* of hers, using that liberty which heaven has bestowed on every one, and humane custom allows, to have their opinions free, which though in point of *Faith* and *Manners* of good Reason it be restrained,

to

to avoid error and confusion in *Church* and *Comonwealth*, yet in *Philosophy* it has been alwaies free; Every one having liberty to hunt in common, nor was it ever inclosed by any unless by some few Schools of so inconsiderable Authority, as when you are once out of their walls, you are out of their jurisdiction, to whom she has been so little beholding, as never any with less help of them, addrest themselves to writing, nor ever performed it more happily then she; of whom one may well say, that whilst others only translate many Books to make one; she without help of translation, has writ so many: As it is the Admiration of every one, which being so rare and extraordinary in her sex, does as little derogate from others, as miracles do from the ordinary works of God.

Let all then cease to envie what she has writ, or think that flattery which we write of her, whose vertues and perfections are so great, and many, as they ought rather to think those *envi-ous*, who praise her not, then *flatters* who do.

TO

To the Lady GERRARD

Baroness of

BROMLEY.

Of Education.

MADAM.

A *Lmighty God*, having blest you with such a son, as a more hopeful in Nature can hardly be: you do wisely, and like a pious mother indeed, to take care betimes of his Education, without which Parents do but half their duty, and leave with all the better half undone; for *Education* is not only a second Nature, but also a perfectioning of the first, and that which whilst their birth makes them only children, does make them *men*. You are to consider then how that mother does nothing, who only brings children into the world, unless she takes care they should live

live well, whilst they are there, by which she makes both her self and children happy, for a good child is the happiness of the mother, and a good life the happiness of the child.

This being so, if you but examine well, what 'tis that makes that almost all our youth now adays, have so little sense of *Vertue* and *Religion*; you will find that 'tis only because they are not traird up enough in the principles of either, whilst they are young.

For the Age proper for their *Educacion*, being chiefly their first fifteen years, or their *Infancy*, *Childhood*, and *Adolescence*, or *Youth*; in which the main business ought to be, the removing of *Vice*, *Error* and *Ignorance*, from their *souls* and *minds*. You shall find that whilst their Parents take care only of the two last; the first which ought to be the principle is wholly neglected by them & left undone: They never considering that *man* is like a *Garden*, where it is not enough, to sow good seeds, but you must be daily plucking up ill weeds too, or else they will soon be overgrown with them.

During

During their *Infancy* then, leaving the care of the first year unto their *Nurses* who give them suck, As soon as they arive unto the second year, their *Parents* should provide them of some discreet *Governant*, who may carefully observe their natural inclinations, either to good or evil, and cherish the one, and correct the other, as they shall see occasion.

Some may say now; this is too soon to begin with them, and that children can apprehend nothing yet: But they who say so, rather want apprehension; For when is the time (*I pray*) to bow and bend a *Tree*, to rectifie it and make it fruit? Or make a *Garment* take a good fold or pleyt, but when it is first put on? And for their apprehensions of things we see, they can be affraid of *Bag-bears*; rejoyce when you tell them they shall have somewhat they are delighted with, and love those who give it them: Which being so, why may they not at those years be taught to fear *vice*, to delight in *vertue*, and to love *God*? if they were but prudently represented to their imaginations. C Let

Let them be taught then to fear no other *Bug-bear* but *vice*, (especially that which they shall see them most inclin'd unto) and when they see them delighted with any thing, either of *fair* or *sweet* &c. Let them tell them 'tis *God* who gives and sends it them, and presently cry out, *Oh how Good! How fair, how sweet is God! &c.* By which means they shall imprint in their tender minds, a dear and affectionate love of him; after which it would be easy to make them do whatsoever they shall understand to be most pleasing to him, and abstain from doing whatsoever may be displeasing to him on the contrary, under which notions they may represent both *vertues* and *vices* to them as they shall see occasion. This if their first *Tutors* or *Governants* would but do; Their second *Tutors* or *preceptors* would more easily do the rest: of whom I will only say that you are to chuse him more for *prudence* then for *learning*; more a *Gentleman* then a *Pedant*, and one that has more studyed *men* then *Books*. Mean time let him so season what

what he teaches him with sweetness,
(the common bait of children) as so
he may be delighted with learning it.

Above all, let him be a *Religious honest man* for he is to inform his manners
as well as his understanding; and more
souls for want of good *Tutors*, then Bo-
dies for want of good *Midwives*, in these
latter *Times* have perished and been cast
away.

For the ordering his studies in parti-
cular, I say nothing more, But let his
Rule be *ne quid nimis* to study nothing
too much, for learning consisting either
in *words* or *matter*, of which the first has
no depth, and the last no bottom, to study
t'one too much, were trifling, and t'o-
ther labour lost, besides too much stu-
dy, but condenses the thought which
is only for your melancholy School-
men; a *Gentleman's* thoughts should be
more rarified and refin'd.

As for *Travail* none can give him bet-
ter directions then my noble *Lord* his
Father, who has made right use of
them, by bringing home all that was
good in other Nations, and leaving all
the bad behind.

(30)
And thus much concerning *Educati-
on* may suffice, and I have insisted more
upon the *pious* then *learned* part, be-
cause as 'tis the most neglected, so 'tis the
most necessary, for none can be either a
good child to his Parents, or subject to
his Prince, who is not first a good servant
to *Almighty God*: And the reason is clear,
for how can it be expected, that they
should be grateful or obedient unto ei-
ther, for their *being* and *conversation*; if
they be not so to *God*, in whom (as the
Scripture saies) *They both live, and
move, and have their being.*

Neither let any imagine that this sort
of *Education* should make children sad
and melancholly, on the contrary I see
not how any can be truly merry and
cheerful, who cannot think on *God* or
Death without fear and horror, whilst e-
very thing puts them in mind thereof,
and this is the case of all those who in
their youth are not Educated in *Vertue*
and *Piety*.

Which Education *MADAM*, if you
give your Son, it may well be said of
you, as it was of another most resem-
bling

bling you, that she not only brought
forth children, but *vertuous* ones,
her *Vertue* being as fruitful as her
Self.

Sir C. B.

Of the choice of a VVife.

OF all worldly things, the choice of a wife is that which requires the longest deliberation: for *diu deliberandum est quod statuendum est semel*. We are long to deliberate of that which we can onely choose but once: and and when all's done, *Fortune* will have a main hand in it: or to speak more Religiously, *Almighty God*. Whence 'tis said, that Marriages are made in Heaven. 'Tis the part of a Wise man then, to leave as little in it to *Fortune* as he can; and of a Religious, as much as he can unto *Almighty God*.

Amongst all the requisits of Marriage, *Beauty* is the most fragile, and deceives the expectation most, both because the one expects to find the same Adoration when a Wife, as when she was a Mrs and t'other finds not their Wives such Goddesses

Goddesses when marryed, as they imagined before they marryed them.

To marry for *Beauty* onely, is to buy a House onely for the outside, without considering the Conveniences within; and *Age* or a little sickness takes that away and them, and there's an end of all the delight you had. Whence 'tis no ill distinction, that a woman exceeding fair, is better for a Mrs. then a Wife, If she be but moderately handsome it is enough, so the rest be supplied by the *Beauty* of the mind; the one being onely the pleasure of the first day, tother of all your life.

Of all things, Complacency is the best Cyment of affection, and similitude of humour and disposition; for *similis simili gaudet*, All Likes do love their Like, and hate the contrary; unless perhaps some humours in them, may be too predominant; and then a little of the contrary would be a good Allay, as Mirth to Melancholly, or a placid or Patient humour, to a Harsh or Cholerick disposition.

With handsonness of Body, and
C 4 good

good disposition of mind, the *Goods* of Fortune make no ill composition, so they be not the principal ingredient, for so *Love*, would wholly degenerate into *interest*, and men would look on their wives no otherwise then *Farmers*, on their Cattel, only considering how much they are worth in the *Market* and nothing else.

I need not give you a *Caveat* not to marry with any of condition much below your self, for you are too wise I know to be fool'd by any such fond affection, nor is there any danger of your marrying much above your self, since we have few nobility so high, into which a *Gentleman* of your birth and fortune may not aspire to match without ambition.

This is all *sir* that occurs to write unto you for this present upon this subject, who wish you all happiness in a wife, and know you so well, as I am sure your wife will have all happiness in you,

TO THE

LADY M. M.

Of Benefits.

Goodwill is that well ordered *charity*, which the *Holy Scripture* commends unto us so much, and which it obliges us to have, even for our Enemies; 'tis that, which *humanity* binds us to, and which makes one man a *man* unto another, who otherwise would be a *God*, or else a *Beast*, according as he benefited or injurr'd them. But in friendship *Good Will*, is like the power that never proceeds to Act, promises to performance, or flowers unto fruit, unless it proceeds to benefits withall, for a benefit is the Aliment of Friendship, as Oyle is of the flame, but as too much poured into the Lamp at once, rather extinguishes it, than nourishes it, so 'tis with benefits. Wherefore Madam I only desire of you small benefits at once
and

and humbly thank you for satisfying my desire.

Else 'twere to smother me with Roses, and to Oppress me, rather then Relieve me; for 'tis with pain, when we are obliged too much, and great benefits, are but great debts and heavy burthens to a Grateful man: Whil'st little ones are light burthens, which every one can bear; and small debts, which every one can pay. Nor did they ever make Banquerout yet, or *Modesty* blush, or *Generosity* asham'd. Besides Madam, loving my *Liberty* as I do, and to be too much oblig'd being a kind of servitude; I thank you for leaving me in possession of that I love so well, and in possibility of that which you love so well, *Gratitude*; In which noble vertue you so excell, as none yet could ever oblige you so much, but you would find some way or other to disoblige your self again and turn those Bonds on them which they had bound you withall: But Madam, you have obliged me so far already, as now there is no farther danger of my
Li-

Liberty, nor should I more willingly give it to any one, than to her to whom already I have given my heart, and for whom I am ready for to give my life.

Characters

CHARACTERS.

Of One

VWho changes Day into Night.

HE is the *Antipodes* to the Country where he lives, and it is *Day* with him when it is *Night*; and *Night* with him when it is *Day* with them, and he is worse then those who *call* light darkness, and darkness light; for he *makes* it so: he contradicts that ould proverb, that *the day was made for man to labour in, and the night to rest*, and says 'twas ment onely by *Day Labourers*; and he thinks that saying of *Solomon*, nothing concerning him, that *all is vanity underneath the Sun*, for all his is underneath the *Moon*; for the *Rising-Sun*, it serves him onely to go to bed by, and as formerly they measured the *Time* by *Water*, so now he does by *Fire*, and the burning of so much Light. He says his *Pater-Noster* by contrarys, and as others pray for their *Dayly*, so he prays for

for his *Nightly Bread*. He fears neither *Death* nor *Judgment*, for *Death* is said to come like a *Thief* in the *Night*, and then he sits up and watches; and *Judgment* by *Day*, and then he is a *Bed* and sleeps, and if the *Angels* awake him with their lowd trumpeting, he hopes they can charge him with nothing concerning *Time*, for he onely changes it, and change is no *Robbery*, and h'as this comfort that amongst all his other sins, though they may say the *sun* did *rise* sometimes, they can never say that it *Set* upon his wrath.

OF A FRENCH TAYLOR.

HE is the *King of Fashions*, and *Emperour* of the *Mode*, and commands more absolutely then the *King of France* himself: for his *Edicts* pass, where the others will not go; and in *England* and other Nations, they obey his Authority; where they care not a rush for that of the *King of France*. Nay they not onely submit their *bodys* to him, but their *minds*, obeying him with such *Implicit faith*, as though their *Fashions* be never so unbecoming, yet they believe them becoming, only because they come from him. Such a Charm there is in this word *Alamode de France*, As 'tis able to transform men *Circes-like*, into *Apes*, *Babboons*, or what Antick shapes they please. But to make up the *Dance* or *Masquerad* compleat, you must have a *French Violin* and *Dancing-Master* too, and then you shall see how the *English-man* will lead the

the *Dance* and other Nations follow him, amongst the rest, the *Hollander* in the *French Fashion*, is the veriest Antick of them all, looking in it just like a dog in a doublet, mean time, the *Spanish* and *Italian*, are the onely wise Nations; who whilst all others in *Europe* make themselves ridiculous, with following the *French Fashion*, laugh at them, and keep their own.

OF

O F A N

Old Batchellor

WHen he was young, he lov'd his Liberty too well to marry; and now he's old, his ease and quietness; nor does he love every night to be put in mind how old he is. He was as long in chusing a Wife, as *Scoggen* was in chusing a Tree to be hanged on; and at last resolv'd to chuse none at all, for the same Reason as the *Fox* refus'd to go to the *Lions* Den, because he saw the footsteps of many going thither, but of none returning back. Above all, that which chiefly deter'd him, was the very name of *Wedlock* the *yoak* of *Marriage* and *bonds* of *Matrimony* &c. All sounding nothing but *locks* *yoaks* and *bonds*; or *imprisonment*, *slavery* and *captivity*. For the rest, they can say nothing for the profit or pleasure of *Marriage*, but he can say as much or more against it, and they have long since given him over for a *Heretick*, too obstinate in his opinions

pinions to be disputed with. In fine, he
imagines all who are married, to be
sick of it, though they complain not;
because they hold their disease incurable:
but if there were a Physitian who
could cure it, he thinks he would soon
be Richer then *Mayer*.

For your *Maids* now, he hopes they
will not be offended at this *Character*,
but be of his opinion: since in point of
Marriage they have always the worst
bargain of the two, (as we shall pre-
sently declare) and if the name of *Old
Maid* sounds ill, that of *Nun* sounds
well, at least. and for *Married Wives*, we
shall make them honourable amends, in
the *Character* of an *Excellent Wife*.

D

O F

A Wife in General.

THough in it self, and the institution of the Church, *Marriage* be holy and honourable; yet, there is no more miserable Creature in the world, then a *Marryed Wife*: when *Maids*, sold by their Parents to *slavery*; and when *Widows*, selling themselves, (so inur'd to servitude) as 'tis become natural to them as their *beings*, and necessary as their *food*.

Some aptly compare their *Marriages*, to *Aviaries* or *Bird-cages* in *Gardens*, where the *Birds* which are without, long to get in; and the *Birds* which are within, long to get out. Others to the *Horn* of *fertilhip*, where they desperately throw themselves without any consideration at all, into the larger end, and come squeez'd out of the *Bntall*.

It were a blessed life, if the wheels of desire could continue still wound up, and not run down with enjoying; but

as

as it is, they are onely happy for a day;
and miserable all their lives after; and
their Gallants come fawning and flat-
tering to them at first; as the *Hedghogg*
did to the *Hare* in a frosty night, desire-
ing to shelter himself in her *Musket*
against the cold; pretending his *pric-
kles* should never do her harm; but
being entred once, and a little warm,
he began to bristle them up; at
which the poor *Hare* cryed out,
but had onely this answer for all
her courtesie, that *those who found*
themselves hot well, might go out.

Yet this I will say, for the com-
fort of the *English Wives*, that the
English Men make the best Husbands
in the World, if their Natures have
not been too much corrupted and
deprav'd with the *licentiousness* and
Vices of the *Time*. Notwithstanding
they shu'd answer them if they be
wise; when they come a wooing to
them, as the *Athenians* did *Demetri-
us*, who pretending Dominion over
them; told them, that he would be

a good Lord unto them; to whom they wisely answered, that they no wayes doubted it; but for their parts, they desired to have no Lord at all.

Excellent Wife.

SHe is like an Excellent *Watch*, *Rich* and *Fair*, but above all, *True*; onely in this they differ, in that her *Goodness* depends on nothing but her self, (for those who are only good because they are lookt unto, it follows, if they were not lookt unto, they would be bad.) She is never in ill humour; and never in better, then in her *Husbands* company, with whom alone she is familiar, but civil and courteous unto all; she has all the handsomness of a *Mrs.* the *Goodness* of a *Wife*, and delightsomness of *pleasant Company*; united in her alone; and whatsoever she does is becoming her, not so much because 'tis so, as because she makes it so. She is sparing in superfluous things, that she may be more bountiful in those more necessary; and spends with such discretion in her House, as her expences are more pro-

fitable then others savings are. Her *Vertue* and *Beauty* makes it alwayes a Temperate Zone with her, where her *Husband* lives as in a *PARADICE*; Her *HONOUR* like a flaming *Cherubin*, conserving and rendring her inaccessible to all beside: Whence in this Critical Age, where they find out blemishes in the *Moon*, and spots even in the *Sun* it self, they could never find out any spot or blemish in her, she onely having found out the way to stop *Rumours* Mouth, and silence *Calumny*, whilst they bark and bite at every one besides. In fine, she has all the perfections of a *Wife*; and all that can make a *Husband* happy.

This, if her husband knows not, 'tis an unpardonable fault, and ignorance in him; if he does, 'twere no compliment, nor fondness in him, but a Just esteem of his own Happiness, to say as often as he sees her, *O my dearest! you are all mine, and I am all yours; and when I cease for to be so, may I be the miserablest man alive, as now I am the most happy.*

Your New Irreligious

O R D E R.

They are, amongst you *Irreligious*, as your reformed *Orders*, (or *Capucins* and *Carthusians*) are amongst your *Religious*, professing a more perfect state of life, and higher degree of perfection then the rest. They keep *quire*, and for *Psalmody*, have a sort of Bawdy songs, composed by certain Authors of their own, far surpassing your Antient *Heathens*; for their *Legend* of *Saints*, they have *Apitious's* and *Heliogabuln's* Lives, and *Aretius* pictures for heightning their devotion. They meditate most devoutly on a *Peticoat*, and are rapt into extasy with contemplation of the *Mystery* therein; they observe their *Rules* of *Modesty* in *Ladies* company most exactly, standing with their hands

in their *Codpieces*, and minding Bawdry whatsoever they say unto them. As others have done by *Philosophy*, they have wholly subverted all *Morality*, neither deal they more favourably with *Divinity*, doubting whether there be any *God* or no; and holding all Scripture *Apocrypha*, Excepting onely the *Canticles* of *Solomon*, which with their gloss passies for Canonical Bawdry; they count *Heaven* but a Melancholly place, and care not for coming there; so as those who would have them sav'd, must make a new *Heaven* a purpose for them. Marry the old *Hell* (with a little Addition) will serve them well enough. In fine, they are incapable to conceive how any *Man* can be honest, or *Woman* chaste, and make a fool of *Macchiavel*, who held that *Men* could not be extreemly vicious, so as by help of their Example, your after *Ages* will learn of the *present*; that too many Religions incline men to *Atheisme*, as well as none at all. And such as these, whilst they call themselves *Wits*, have brought the name of *Wit* into such obloquy, as you will
 shortly

shortly see the *Church* senſure it; the *Laws* condemn it, *Casuiſts* invent new Caſes for it; And finally, all *Good Chriſtians* put it in their *Litanies*, to be delivered from ſuch wits as theſe.

TO

VV I T.

VVIT, like *Beauty*, has somewhat in it of *Divine*, and they profane either, who use them to vitious ends; it is rather a *sleight* then force of the *spirit*, and is chiefly exprest in quick *expedients* and *reparties*. The *French* call it *le point de l'esprit*, because it is sharp, and easily penetrates *things*; whence *clenches* and *quibbles* are not *wit*, because they go no farther then the outward *word*: It is that, in pleasant and factious discourse, as eloquence is, in grave and serious; and well comports with *jest* & *raillerie*, but no wayes with *profaneness* and *scurrilitie*; it is the spirit and quintessence of speech, extracted out of the substance of things; and a spiritual fire that rarefies and renders every thing spiritual like it self; it is a soaring quality, that just as *Dedalus* wings, elevates those who have it above other men; and is the same in
the

the *brain*, as *Nobility* is in the *blood*. In fine, it is somewhat above expression; and easier to admire, then tell you what it is: not acquir'd by *Art* and *Study*, but *Nature* and *Conversation*; and is so *volatile* a thing, as it is altogether as *volatile* to describe: Rending those who have it, *good* and *vertuous*, as well as *witty* men; and whosoever is otherwise, we may well conclude, wants as much of *wit*, as they do of being such.

ESSAYES OF HISTORY,

And how it is to be written.

HISTORY may well be called the Book of *Princes*, since it chiefly becomes *Princes* to read and study it. It is a *Mirroure*, representing passed *Times* or *Persons*, and is twofold; either of affairs in *General*, or *Heroick Persons* in particular; in either, It is to represent nothing that is *false*, nor conceal any thing that is *true*; but since all *truths* are not indifferently to be uttered; it is enough to pass over lightly, and touch gently, what is dangerous to handle, or insist upon. 'Tis long since that (not without some reason,) the wiser sort, have suspected the Faith of all *Historians*, whilst they writ all in extreams, either through *hate* or *favour*; and leaving the *Truth* in the midst, think they

(61)
do nothing, unless they either depress to *Hell*, or exalt to *Heaven*, those which they treat of, with their *Invectives* or *Ecomiums*.

To write a *History* well, of all your four dimensions, 'tis rather to have *height* and *depth*, then *longitude* and *latitude*; that is, 'tis rather to have *height* and *depth* of expression, then too *diffuse* circumstances, or *long* narrations; and for heightning your style, *similitudes* much confer; as for depth of the matter, *grave sentences*, and *politick notes* and *observations*.

It is not like *Philosophy*, to be delivered too plainly and briefly, (for so it nothing differs from an *Epitome*;) nor like *Poetry*, nor *Rhetorick*, all garnished with *Flowers* and *Figures*, like their *Poems* and *Orations*; (the one being a cloathing too plain and simple, the other too light and flaunting, for the dignity and gravity of *History*:) But it is rather to be represented like a *Grave Matron*, rich, not gawdy; fashionable, not fantastical; & more set out for reverence, then ostentation; beside, as in contriving a
Building,

Building, so in writing a *History*, a main regard is to be had to the apt coherence of the *whole*; and passing handsomely from one *part* unto another, consisting either in *Time*, *Place* or *Persons*; in all which they may easily introduce on any other, by way of comparison, either for similitude or dissimilitude.

To write of *Actions* only, differs nothing from a *Gazette*; unless you declare the reason why they were done; and it is but looking ignorantly upon the outside of a *Dyal*, without considering the wheels that give it motion within. And in declaring these Reasons, you are not to be *wiser* than the *truth*, by imagining those which are not; nor less *wise* by ignoring those which are; but you are to collect them out of the private *Cabinets* of *Princes*, or publick *Registers* of affairs and negotiations; neither are they to be crudly delivered, but digested into the corps of *History*; unless you may judge it more convenient, to insert the *Originals* Entire, for the greater Authority of what you write.

By which we may clearly perceive,
that

that there is no sort of writing that requires greater sufficiency, nor more judgment then that of *History*; nor of which we may more truly say, that when well done, none better; when ill, none worse then it; and conclude for the *method*, that when your *Historian* enters into matter with promise of what he is to write, and clearly deduces it all along (to avoid confusion) till he end at last with performance of what he has promised; both *He* and his *History* will be every wayes compleat.

OF
MUSICK
AND
POETRY.

ALL *Paets* anciently were *Musicians*, and *Musick* and *Poetry* were conjoynd together; when their chiefest employment was to sing the praises of the *Gods*; which begat them so much reverence with *men*, as they imagined a certain *Divinty* in them. *Poets* were counted *Prophets*; and as *Poetry* was the *Language* of the *Gods*, so *Musick* was the *Accent* in which they spoke.

Musick was then but simple, and had no more variety in *Singing*, then had the *Voice* in speaking; it being only an *Harmonious* speaking, as *Poetry* was but a speaking *Harmony*.

Whilst they remain'd thus united, all these miracles were effected by them, as
are

are recorded of *Orpheus*, *Amphion* and *Arion*, &c. Neither did they ever such miracles and wonders since they were separated, as when they were conjoyn'd.

That which first separated them, was, (I imagine) the Extravagancy and Fantasticalness of some instrumental *Musicians*, introducing into the Art, so much *division*, with their *crocheting* and *quavering*, as *Musick* could afterwards no more express a word intire, then a River divided into too many branches, support that weighty Burthen it did before. Besides, whereas formerly when they sung in *Chorus*, they sang altogether the same words; now their *counterpoint* has rendered our vocal *Musick* so disjointed and confus'd, as we can no longer understand the words they sing. To reduce them to their former *unity* and *simplicity*, divers have labour'd in the *Psalmody* of the *Church* (in our fore-Fathers daies) as in these of ours, in their *Recitative Musick* for the *Stage*; but they could never do such wonders with it, as formerly they did; nor ever will, till

E

people

People and the world return again to their former *simplicity*: Besides, 'tis *Novelty* that chiefly begets *Admiration*; and for that, in point of *Musick* and *Poetry*, Ancient Times will alwayes have the advantage and start of ours.

Yet certainly our *Musick* is much more Artificial than theirs, with whom a *discord* was an unheard-of thing, and going out of the Air, an unpardonable fault. Besides, our Musical *Instruments* are much more improv'd. But the more we Advance in *Art* (perhaps) the farther we recede from *Nature*; and 'tis that which chiefly moves the passions and affections of men.

What their Ancient *Musick* was, there are scarcely left any footsteps or memorials to inform us, excepting only the Names of *Dorick*, *Phrygian*, *Jonick*, *Lydian* or *Aeolick*; to which if we onely compare our *Pipes*, or Wind *Instruments*, as our *Organs*, *Flutes*, or *Recorders*, to their grave and solemn *Dorick*; our *Cornets* or *Trumpets*, to their Warlike *Phrygian*; our *Waits* or *Hautboies*, to their *Enthusiatick Jonick* or *Eolian*; and
our

our *Scotch* or *Bag-pipes*, to their *Bacchick Lydian*: The magnificent opinion we may have conceived of them, would as soon vanish (perhaps), as *Mountains* did of *Architeſture*, when he found all their *Tearms* of Art, which he Admir'd so much before, of *Freez*, *Coroniſh*, *Plinthe* & *Archetrave*, &c. in an old Chimney of his, which no body took notice of. Or, I could liken the *Italian* to their *Pathe-tick* or *Enthuſiack* Muſick; the *French* to their sweet and melting *Ayres*; the *Spaniſh* to their loud and hawty *Tones*; and the *English* *Jiggs*, or *Scotiſh* *Lyds*, to their light and Frantick *Bacchick* *Tunes*, but that I ſtudy *Brevity*, as much as *Muſick*, or *Poetry*.

I will conclude then, That there is nothing found in the one, that is not in the other, of *Elegance*, *Grace* and *Ornament*, both ſo little comporting with *Mediocrity*, as unleſs either arrive to Excellence, they are counted no better then *Minſtrelry*, or *Ballating*.

A Discourse of
L A N G U A G E :

And particularly, of the
E N G L I S H T O N G U E .

TIS Fabled, that *Mercury* god of Eloquence, distributing to every Nation their several *Languages*, out of certain *Vases* or *Phiols*, (in which, by Reason of their *fluidness* they were contain'd) flying over *England*, and having exhausted all his store, was forc'd to compose them a *Language* out of the Remains of all the rest ; of which (say they) the *English Tongue* is onely the *Dregs* and *Lees* ; but abusively ; for certainly, we having our choice of all, and being our own *Mercurys*, were *Fools* shu'd we not chuse the best of every one.

'Tis certain, that our *Language* is but a mixture of other *Languages* : and as certain, that all our *Neighbour-ones* are the like ; your *French*, *Spanish* and *Italian* having

having a deep mixture of the *Latin*, most of your *Northern Nations* of the *Dutch*, as the *Oriental* of the *Arabick*, or *Sclavonian*, there being but few *Original Languages* in the world.

For *ours*, the best notion I can give you of it, is, That it is *French* Embrothered upon *Dutch*, with some few Additions of other *Languages*, (all our *monosyllables* being *Dutch*, and our *compounds*, *French* and *Latine*,) the *Dutch*, or *Saxon*, first expelling the *British-Tongue*, then the *French* or *Norman*, usurping upon *that*; till at last, it became neither *Dutch* nor *French*, but somewhat of both, or a *mungrel* of either.

Certainly for *wit* and *facetiousness*, we yield unto no other *Nation*, neither for figurative speaking by *Allusions* and *metaphor*; they speaking but *simply*, whose words infold not some double meaning, or somewhat beyond the bare words which they pronounce

Neither is it a dull sluggish *Language*, like the *Dutch* or *Turkish*, in which you shall never hear a *witty jest*, or good *conceit*, but is capable of as much *quickness*, *wit*, *fancy*, and *conceit*, as any other

Language, and the *Nation* is as well fitted for it too; only it is defective in *superlatives* and *diminutives*, and has not so many complements as the *French*, nor so vast *Hyperbolies*, as the *Italian*, to say, *schavo di vestre seignorie*; nor with them *dieci milli anni*, whom they wish health unto; which is rather a commendation of the *Nation*, and a mark of their *well-meaning* and *sincerity*, that they can't *dissemble*, nor enlarge themselves so far beyond the Truth.

In fine, for *copiousness* and variety of *expressions*, it yields to none No *Comedy* being too light, nor *Tragedy* too grave for it; though by Reason of our *scituation*, it has not that *esteem* nor *vouge* as the *French*, (for Example) who being situated in the midst of *Europe*, and the *concourse* of all Nations, your *Travellers* are necessitated to learn their *Language*, under pain of being *Tongue-tyed* whilst they pass along.

Another Reason that makes our *Language* the less esteem'd, is it's many *monosyllables* (derived from the *Dutch*) which makes it nothing so *resounding*

sounding as other *Languages*; (And strangers judge of the goodness of a *Language*, as they do of *Bells*, or *Musical-Instruments* only by the *sound*) besides the principal grace of words, being in the *Cadence* or *Ending*, where every word for strength is able to sustain it self, ours comes so faintly and weakly off, as t'one is forc't to fall on t'other for its support.

Notwithstanding, if we would but take a little pains to smoothe and sweeten our *Language*, as the *French* and *Italian* does, by *liquifying* all hard and harsh pronounciations, (as we begin to do, in pronouncing our harsh *Dutch* words) and would not stick so close to their *Orthography*, but write as we speak, and speak more clearly and distinctly then we do; we need not envie others *Languages*, nor speak (as some do) so contemptibly of our *own*.

POSTSCRIPT
OF THE
STILE
OR
P H R A S E.

FOR *the Stile or Phrase, which is only the habit a Language is cloathed in; Ours follows much the Italian fashion; (Those learned men that had the ordering of our Language in former times, being most conversant with that Nation it seems) where note, that as there are two sorts of Languages, your dead ones, or those which are past farther growth, (as the Hebrew, Greek, and Latine) and your living ones, or such who grow every day, as all our European ones: so in every growing Language, there are two sorts of stiles, the Erudite, and the stile of the Time, or of the Mode; of which the first never chan-*

ges,

ges, because (e. g.) 'tis cast in the La-
 tine mould, which alwayes remains the
 same; whilst that of the Time changes per-
 petually, as the fashion of our Habit does;
 whence, whosoever would write for Last-
 ingness, should write in the Erudite stiles;
 as Pictures we see drawn in Ancient At-
 tire, remain alwayes fashionable and be-
 coming; whilst those drawn in modern-
 habit (which changes every day) soon
 become obsolete and ridiculous. Besides, the
 Phrase or Stile (being as we have said) the
 habit of a Language, as the Apparel is of
 the Body, there is a certain becoming-
 ness, and natural propriety in either;
 which in the Excess or Defect, is equally
 vitious; a certain mean betwixt the
 Switzers Puffs, or Bumbast, and Irish
 Trousse, neither too strait, nor too wide for
 the expression of our minds which who-
 soever has, is abundantly Eloquent.

OF

OF NOBLE
W O M E N.

I Know not under what *Constellation* I was born, that it has alwayes been my *Fortune* to live amongst the best and noblest of *woman-kind*; but I am sure, she's been a happy and *fortunate* one for me; for there I have seen nothing but *honourable* and *vertuous*; there as in a *Sanctuary* I have liv'd, protected from the *Vices* of the Time; and there (if any where) I have found that saying true, That if *vertue* could be seen with mortal eyes 'twould ravish all with *Admiration* and *Reverence*.

I deny not, but *vertue* may likewise be found 'mongst *men*, but 'tis an *Austere* and *Rigid* one, not much different from that which you shall find in *Cells*, and *Cloysters*, rather deterring with its *rigour* and *austerity*, then any ways attracting with *sweetness* and *gentleness*; besides, 'tis a quarrellous and contentious one, that would force every one to its opinion,
and

and for my part, like him in the *Fable*, if the *Sun* by its *sweetness* and *Gentleness*, cannot do it, the *wind* certainly by *Ruſhing* and *bluſtering*, never ſhall.

Now amongſt them, (on the contrary) you find nothing but *sweetneſs* and *gentleneſs*, accompanied with ſuch awful *Majeſty* and *Gravity*, as whiſt they attract to a certain diſtance, they there ſuſpend you with *Reverence* and *Admiration*; nor needs there any frowning looks to do it, ſince as one ſaid well, *Beauty* is *Regnum ſine ſatellitio*, a Kingdom that needs no force to guard it: if it guard not it ſelf, all other force is vain; and frowning and ill looks will never do it. With good Reason then, they make all *vertus* of the Feminine Sex, ſince *vertue* in a fair Body, as *Virgil* ſays, is alwayes moſt grateful and becoming; and it implies a certain Congruity, that the richeſt *Jewels* ſhu'd be conſerv'd in the faireſt *Cabinets*; beſides, there is a kind of neceſſity, as well for nobility of *Form*, as *bloud*; To be *Good* and *Vertuous*, not to degenerate from the *ſtock* and *origine* from whence they came. This

This Testimony then, I will give of the *Truth* and *Them*, That I never saw greater *Innocence*, higher *Honour*, more *Vertue*, nor truer *Chearfulness* then amongst them: and above all, none better dispos'd for *piety* and *devotion*; without which, all the rest would easily fall to ruine, and decay, like buildings, wanting their foundation. Mean time, I deny not, but there are many to be found who are not so; but then they are no longer to be counted *noble* nor *beautiful*; there being a certain baseness and deformity in *vice*, that deprives them both of *Beauty* and *Nobleness*, and like *Traytors* to their *Sovereign Prince*, degrades them of all the *honour* and *dignity* they had before.

O F

OF THOSE

Who Glory in their VICES.

WHen any hide their *Vices*, I shall never seek to discover them; and a well-palliated *Vice*, shall pass for *virtue* with me at any time: but when they *glory* in them, and discover them themselves, they must pardon me, if I take notice of them, and tell them they *glory* in that, which they ought rather to be ashamed of; and seek *Fame* from that, which would be anothers *Infamy*.

There are few so mad, to *Glory* in their *Corporal* infirmities; and if they do, their *Cures* may well be dispaired of; yet that these do in their *spiritual* ones, and never perceive how miserable they are, nor know they the whilst, what harm they do to others: for to *do* ill (most commonly) goes no farther then ones self; but to *speak* of it, is a *spreading sin*, and one knows not how far it goes: 'tis like *oyle*, which easily insinuates self into others minds, and after-ward

wards so spreads and dilates it self, as the stain of it can ne're be wholly taken out again.

As the *Weapon-salve* cures at distance, so do those *discourses* wound, and they raise up more *Spirits* with them, like ignorant *Conjurers*, then they can lay again.

Amongst the rest, *lascivious* speeches are the most dangerous of all, for such is mans proneness to *lust* and the *Lubricity* of his mind; as 'tis well compared to *Ice* about the brink of some *precipice*, which of it self is so *slippery*, as they can hardly abstain from falling in; but when you add the *Impulse* of others, 'tis in a manner impossible.

Such then I shall avoid, as publick *Imposoners*, or as those infected with the *Plague*, who long to communicate their contagion to others; and there is nothing more infectious, then such mens company.

Above all, I can least suffer them, when they talk profanely of *God* and of *Religion*; and 'tis but the duty of every *Christian* to reprehend them for it; for

as he shu'd be counted no good subject; who could hear the *King* and *State* ill spoken of; so shu'd he be no good *christian*; who could hear the like of *God* and of *Religion*; and this is that which renders the state of such as these more desperate and deplorable, and wholly exempts them from the General pardon of other sinners; for if he who *excuses* his fault, redoubles it, he certainly who *Glories* in it, renders it a hundred times more *inexcusable* then before; for by the first, he only *offends God*; but by this he *Braves* him too; and the first may be repented of, and so forgiven; but in this they are so far from repenting it, and consequently of being forgiven, as they declare a will of committing it again.

Of

OF
RELIGION
AND
GOOD LIFE.

To Theotima.

I Knew a Noble man, who was wont to say, when he saw any one bravely virtuous indeed, *That they were valiantes then he, who durst be damn'd:* And though we are not lightly to judge so of any one; yet when we see any professedly wicked and Irreligious, 'tis much to be feared, that they are in a damnable state; for there are two things conducing to salvation, a Good Life, and Good Religion; and the one without the other, nothing avails us, (as the *Apostle* sayes) towards the attaining of Eternal Life.

For

For the *first*, our Rule is the *Commandments* of *Almighty God*, which whosoever transgresses, is in danger of damnation. For the *second*, the *Evangel* of our *Saviour Christ*, tells us, that out of his *Church*, there is no Salvation.

Of the *first* there is no doubt; since even the very *Heathens* themselves by the only light of *Nature*, held absolutely necessary for a *Good Life*, the observance of all that *God* has commanded us: for the *second*, there is much doubt even amongst *Christians* themselves: Some holding they may be sav'd in all Religions, as well *Christian*, as *Jewish* or *Pagan*, &c. And if so, what needed our *Saviour* to have come into the world to teach us a new *Religion*, since there were old *Religions* enow in the world before?

Others again are of opinion, That in all *Christian Religions* they may be sav'd, at least; and if so, what needed the *Holy Scripture* so nicely to distinguish betwixt the *True Church* of *Christ*, and *Heresies*, pronouncing all *Hereticks* infallibly damned, or such as adher'd to their private

vate opinions, against the Generally received ones of the *Church*? which being so, *Theotima*, all who have any care of their *salvation*, besides living well, are to endeavour to follow the *Religion* anciently instituted by our *Saviour Christ*; and to insist on the foot-steps of the ancient *Christians* to find it out; which however obscur'd by length of time, may yet by those who diligently seek, be easily discovered.

Since then our *Saviour* has said, that *Seducers* should come, but that his *Church* should never fail; Let us not hearken to these new start-up *Teachers*, crying out, here is *Christ*, and there is *Christ*, so long, till they make many doubt whether there be any *Christ* or no; which is all the fruit of their *new Doctrines*, to make people doubt of the *old*, and be certain of *nothing*; nor will there ever be an end of them, till they return into the *old* again. For if it be lawful for any *man* to begin a new Religion, another will presently start up, and cry, *Why not I, as well as he?* and so they will at last increase to Infinite. As we tender
then

then our salvation, *Theotima*, let us hold firm unto the *old*, which our *Saviour* himself has instituted and taught us, who sayes of himself, That he is the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*; the *Way*, in which we cannot err; the *Truth*, by which we cannot be deceived; and the *Life*, in which, and by which, we are to live Eternally.

To

To the same:

Counselling him to write

O F

SPIRITUAL MATTERS.

YOU are the first, *Theotima*, who encouraged me to write of *spiritual matters*; from which, I confess, I was but too much discouraged before, by the *Libertines* of the *Time*, who make no more of *God*, or *Godly* things, then they did of the *King* and his *Regalities*, in the dayes of *Rebellion*. But where should I find *Readers* when I have done? when besides your self, and some few others resembling you, it is a Language none now adayes understand more then old *Osk*, or the *Punick* and *Carthagenian* Tongue? when I shall find *opportunity*, I shall not be wanting to it; but for *importunity*, this is not a *Time* nor *Place*. There are *spiritual Books* enow already, unless they

they were better followed; and enow of *Religion*, unless they were better understood. Mean time, I thank you for the good opinion you have of me, to think me capable of so good a work; whilst some are so *scrupulous*, as they should think *themselves* damned, if they should but *laugh*; and have so little scruple on t'other side, as to think *me* little better, because I am not as *melancholly* as themselves.

I thank *God*, I have always been a profest Enemy to *Vice*; and although this be but a negative kind of *Vertue*, yet 'tis somewhat, as the *world* goes now, where those may be counted *Saints*, who are not altogether *Sinners*; as those who are not altogether *knaves*, may be counted *honest men*; and I thank *God*, I am still constant to my first *principles*, as you will see by these *pieces* which I send you here; which though they are not so *spiritual* as you desire, tend towards it, yet at least, in a *moral* way; and credit me, *Theotima*, We have as much need now of *Morality* as *Divinity*; and 'tis but a posterous

posterous way, to perswade the t'one
 without the other, or seek to plant *ver-*
tye and *piety* in their hearts, without
 clearing them first of *vice* and *impiety*.
 This then is the way, *Theotima*, which I
 have ta'n, which if I find but appro-
 ved by you, I shall with the more
 chearfulness pursue it, and glory in the
 Title of being

Your devoted Servant
and Convertit.

F I N I S.
